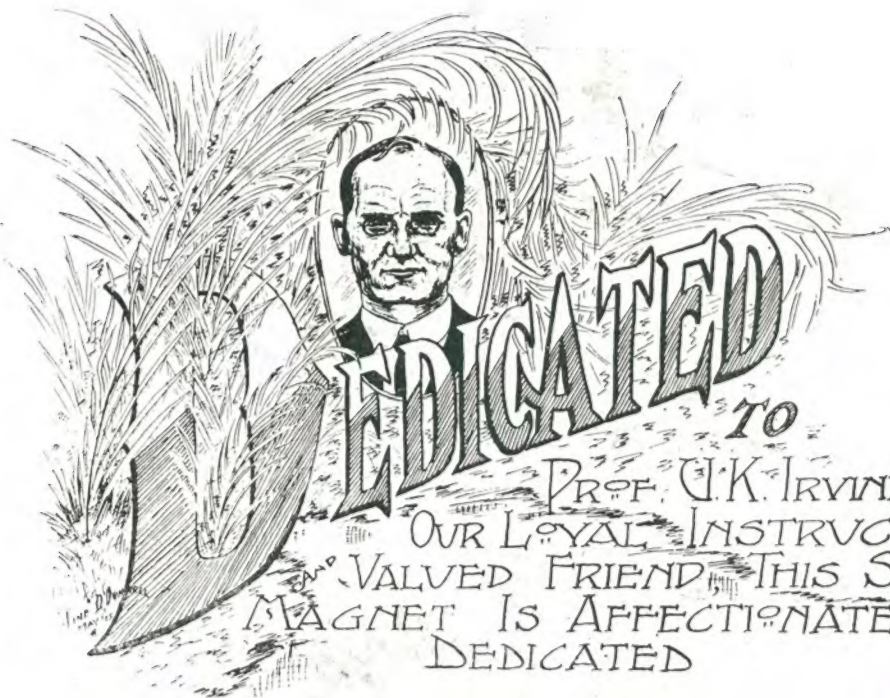
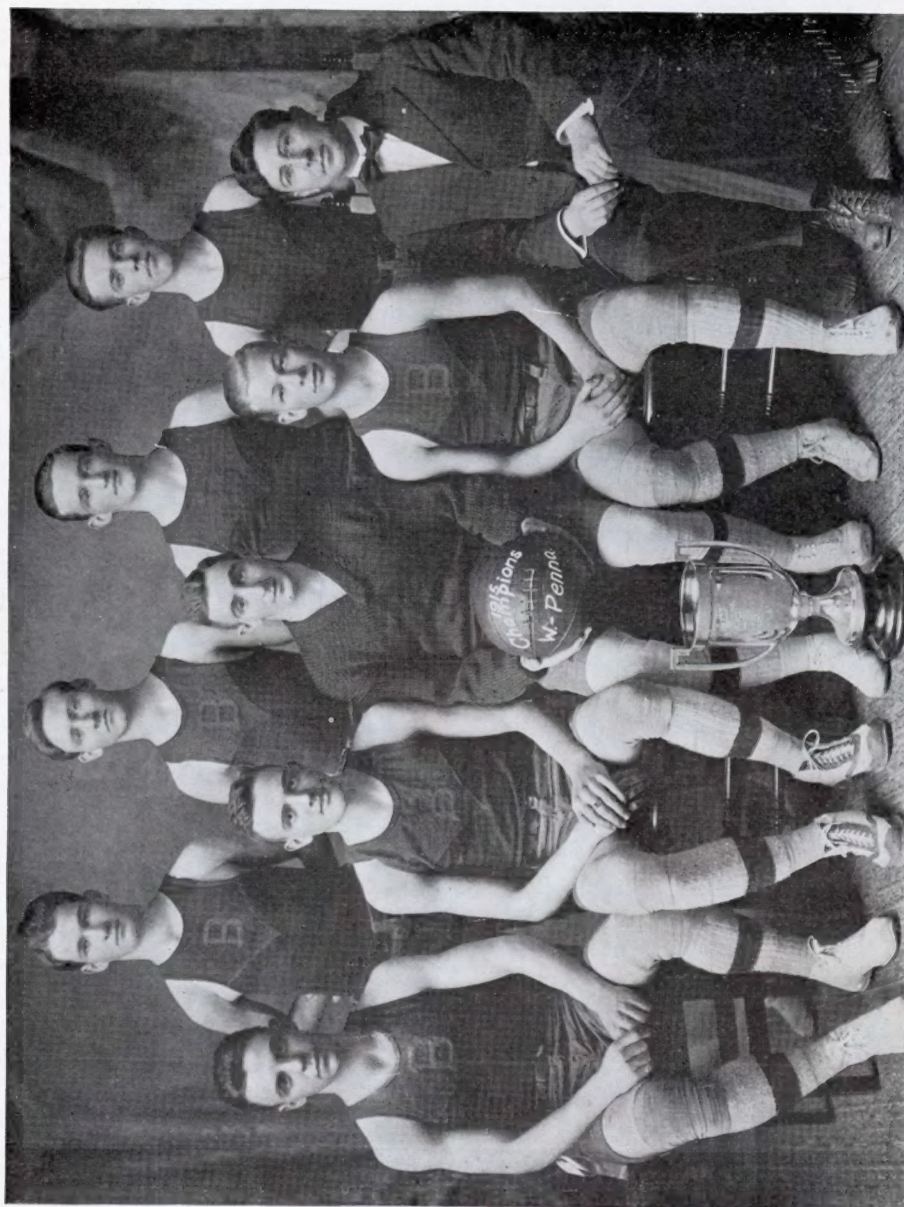




Possunt quia posse videntur
(They can, who think they can)

E. Adams
601 E. Pearl St.





CHAMPIONS W. P. I. A. L., 1914-'15.



THE MAGNET



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No. 9

LITERARY.

A Story of the Great War.

(Founded on Actual Facts.)



HE cobble stones gave no sound except the rattle of the wheels of the last dog-cart, which slowly moved into the dusk. Small, one and two-story houses, fronting flush on the street, ceased to look on the passerby in silence and comparative emptiness, for now they furnished the background for the playing children, who occasionally jostled against the more sedate elders, taking their ease on doorsteps, or sitting in quaint little backyard courts. The air resounded with a medley of noise, the sounds of human beings, young and old; of cattle, chickens and the barking of dogs. Somehow there was no discordance in this combination of sounds, but rather a harmony of peacefulness. For everything breathed a spirit of contentment; of the satisfaction of work done, and well done; of a people at peace with themselves and with their God.

One could not from the street see into the courts in the rear of the houses, but if one had been able, He and She would have proclaimed to the world their romance.

Every evening they met thus after

their day of work—she in the small telephone exchange; he on his half acre of rented land. They would count the days until the time when their slowly-growing savings fund could furnish the material foundation for their house of romance. Her eyes followed him with a gaze of devotion, with a vision that did not take in the heavy, dirt-clogged shoes, mud-stained trousers and toil-worn hands; but went deeper and encircled the man himself. It was no wonder that He thought only in terms of Her, for she was more than either graceful or beautiful—She was superlatively so, and there were added a fineness and goodness of spirit that took the coldness from beauty and gave instead a winsomeness.

Her father and mother could not alone claim possession of her, but had to share with the townfolks, who affectionately mothered and fathered Her.

A stranger chancing in the telephone exchange, did not go away with the memory of an absurdly small switchboard, but did leave with the possession of a lingering vision of beauty that was so winning that one did not associate it with the every-day objects of this world,

but rather with the fairies of childhood days.

But war then raised its grim hands, converting laughter into tears, and living men, women and children into inanimate things of ghastly form and shape. The twilight now served as the drawing of a veil over destruction. The pavements now felt the heavy boot of the soldier and the staccato pat of the officers' shoes. The muffled roar of guns and cannon greeted the ear. The creak of ammunition wagons, and the groans of the wounded and dying furnished the twilight conversations.

The streets were deserted, save for the troops of the enemy. Occasionally a native essayed forth with a fear that was apparent in foot and eye.

She alone was in the court this evening. He was serving his country at the front. In her hands She was holding, as though trying to commune with it, a little strip of metal, to which was attached the designation of his place in the war—Sixth Infantry Company, First Brigade. This He had given to Her when He had left, and never for a moment had she parted with it. Even while at work at the exchange Her thoughts were more on that strip of metal and whom it signified than on military messages the enemy required her to send. The boom of a gun, which sounded quite near, momentarily startled her. This interruption to her thoughts reminded her of a slip of paper which a stranger, but one whom she recognized as of her own race, had slipped into her hand while on her way to work.

She went into the house and in the lamp-light read what was at first a puzzle: "At Dinantee; direct our fire!"

For a long time she puzzled over the strange message and then, like a flash, the understanding came.

The enemy had penetrated no farther south than her town. There they were resting until more artillery could be brought up so as to aid in making a fur-

ther advance. Thousands of troops were being quartered temporarily, spaces outside the town being dotted with tents. The enemy, in taking over the town, had cut all wires leading south, except an underground wire to Dinantee, constructed in that manner a few years before and cleverly concealed, no doubt in anticipation of just such a condition as the present. This underground wire was a telephone wire, which she had instructions not to use in times of peace, and the existence of which she had almost forgotten.

Dinantee, ten miles south, was held by her country's troops, who evidently had had no artillery, as her town, in possession of the enemy, had not been attacked. Now, she reasoned, artillery had been secured and attempts would be made to dislodge the enemy.

The other wires running back into the territory held by the enemy were being maintained, and every day, at their direction, she communicated many cipher messages and made the usual connections for them.

That night was a sleepless one for her. She had made up her mind to do what was requested of her. She knew she would have the opportunity, as very often for long periods she was alone at the exchange, the enemy's officers and messengers coming in only when there were messages they wished to send. It was not the difficulty of the undertaking that bothered and haunted her; it was the picture she had seen several times of her fellow-townsmen marching to the cutskirts of the town between files of soldiers on a journey from which they did not come back. She had seen the mounds of earth and rumor had told her when they had been shot.

But hers was the spirit of heroism, and morning found her on the way to work with the firm resolution to do the bidding of the note. Several times during the morning opportunities presented themselves, but each time between her

and the doing of the act loomed up a vision of blind-folded men backed up against a wall, the flash of guns, then the dropping of the bullet-riddled forms.

Her spirit sickened, and she could not bring herself to do what her heart told her she should do.

About the middle of the afternoon an officer of the enemy came in and sat down, with the remark that she would be getting an important message in a few moments, which he would receive at the exchange, so as to lose no time.

The expected message came almost immediately. No other connections being desired at the time, she was in a position to hear what was said. The message began by saying that Rion (a town to the east) had been captured; that a certain encircling movement had worked out successfully, and then came the announcement that the enemy, in taking the town of Rion, had annihilated the entire Sixth Infantry Company of her country.

As the significance broke in upon her powers of realization, she scarcely seemed to breathe for a moment, and was so deeply stricken that she did not hear the officer's muttered words of satisfaction.

The officer, in leaving, wheeled about and out of the door with such abruptness that he had not the time to see a changed girl—one whose eyes were almost unseeing, as if focused upon an object at a great distance; one whose face and features seemed no longer to show a softness and extreme gentleness.

* * * *

The enemy's officers grouped around the table were worried and made no effort to conceal the fact, either in their faces or in their conversation.

"I tell you," one of them was saying, "it must be that way; almost every shell that has been fired has fallen true. Didn't that last shell explode in the middle of the camp out there in the northwest section of the town? "How can—

But the speaker was interrupted by

one who seemingly was an officer in supreme command. "Whatever is the cause," he said, "an end must be put to it. Including this list I have here, we have lost over six thousand men and twenty thousand pounds of ammunition and stores of this artillery's fire. The fire has been too continuously accurate to be nothing more than sheer luck. You all know it has been coming from Dinantee. Some one here is giving directions to the artillerymen over there. Mardorf," he continued, turning to an officer at his side, "you are positive of all the wires going out of the exchange?"

"Mardorf is positive of the looks of the exchange girl," cut in one of them laughingly. Despite the seriousness of their consideration, all joined in the laughter.

Mardorf was an enthusiast over the girl's looks—all were impressed, but none more so than he.

"As positive as man could be," he replied, slightly red of face. "I examined the place myself yesterday, and just a couple of hours ago I sent Private Hillsner to make another investigation. At home he was an expert—"

Mardorf was interrupted by an orderly reporting that Hillsner wished to see him immediately. The private was brought in and astounded the officers with the news of his discovery of the underground wire leading to Dinantee.

* * * *

The gloom and depressing thickness of a foggy early morning before the light of the sun had had a fair opportunity to dispel some of the dampness and darkness, almost obscured a little procession marching to the outskirts of the town. Four soldiers in front, then a girl, then four more soldiers, with two officers bringing up the rear. There was not a sound save the clank of the soldiers' boots and the booming of cannon, now at a distance, and then as though scarcely a hundred yards away.

The marchers came to a stone wall a

few feet away from the last house on the street. The wall was about the height of an ordinary man. The ground in front of it showed footmarks of persons standing there before. Two soldiers, one on each side of the girl, squared off, while the other six marched eight or ten paces away from and directly in front of the wall. A soldier on each side grasped an arm of the girl and made ready to conduct her to the front of the wall in a manner that indicated an expectation that she might have to be forced. Such a belief, however, was entirely unwarranted, as the girl walked to the appointed place with as firm a step as either soldier at her side.

One soldier produced from his pocket a white bandage and made a motion as if to blindfold her. She, for it was She, put out a hand in protest. The soldier was about to employ force, when an officer, with a sharp command, ordered him to desist.

The six soldiers raised their rifles—

she stood straight, with not a tremor, facing not only the destructive muzzles, but the east, where the sun was inspiring the light of dawn in the sky, which, to her, meant the brightness of the dawn of a new life. She looked indescribably beautiful, standing in contrast to the black background of the bleak wall. The soldiers steadied themselves for the command to fire, when one of the officers stepped forward—it was Mardorf.

"Tell me, girl," he asked in a strained, high-pitched voice, "tell me, why did you do it? Did you take such a risk for your country only?"

With a voice that rang true and that had a fibre of gold in it, she said: "He died for his country, and I—"

The other officer gave the order; six guns rang out in unison, cut short her reply, transforming living beauty and charm into death, and adding to the lists of heroism another Joan of Arc.

ETHEL KLINGLER.



His Mistake.



BETH Kingsly and her father were sitting at the breakfast table one bright autumn morning. Mr. Kingsly was busily reading the morning paper, and Beth was gazing out into the garden.

Beth was an exceedingly pretty girl of eighteen, with wonderful dark hair and eyes, and a smile that won her a friend wherever she went.

She and her father had lived here on the farm near the little town of Rocksdale ever since the death of Beth's mother ten years before.

She seemed rather sad this morning, which was a very uncommon thing for her but she was not sad without cause. Her chum, Jane Landor, had moved East the day before, and that was why Beth was not as happy as usual that particular morning.

Just then Mr. Kingsly, looking up from his paper, told Beth to listen while he read the following article from the morning paper: "Farm of L. E. Landor purchased by wealthy young eastern man, who will take up residence here in the near future." "Now, you see Beth, you won't be lonesome very long," said her father. But Beth was not to be comforted so easily. She didn't want any nice young man for a neighbor, but a dear, sweet girl like Jane.

The next time Beth went to town everyone she met wanted to know how she liked her new neighbor, who had arrived in town the first of the week. But Beth had to tell them that she hadn't made his acquaintance yet, but had seen him several times, and that he was tall and handsome.

Beth now made her way to the general store where she was again confronted with the same question by the grocer. The grocer said he had heard that her

new neighbor, Mr. Henningway, was a very uncongenial fellow and besides a woman hater.

Beth had to laugh at this statement, and said she had no idea of bothering her new neighbor.

On the way home Beth had to pass Mr. Henningway's farm and forgetful of the grocer's warning, she ran into Mr. Henningway's orchard to get a large, red apple that looked so inviting. Just as she was about to come back out again, she saw her new neighbor coming swiftly down the road on horseback. What was she to do? If she left now he would see her, so she decided to hide and in her excitement scrambled into the nearest tree. But, alas, he had seen her, and jumping off his horse came up to that very tree in which Beth sat with her face buried in her sleeve, too frightened to look up. He at once commanded Beth to get down and informed her he was not going to have any stealing going on in his orchard, and that he would have her arrested.

At this Beth cried out, "Oh, please stop saying those horrid things to me. Don't you know—I—I am your neighbor, Beth Kingsly?" And before he could stop her she said, "I know you hate women, but if you'll only help me out of this tree, I'll promise never, never to bother you again."

Mr. Henningway was so astonished at his mistake, and the thought of having captured the charming Miss Kingsly in an apple tree, that he couldn't speak for fully two minutes.

At last he did manage to ask her forgiveness, and readily consented to lift her down from the tree.

When Beth was safe on the ground, with Mr. Henningway standing beside her, very much embarrassed, Beth looked up, and gave him a smile that made

Mr. Henningway forget he was a woman hater. He immediately asked Beth if he might accompany her home, to which Beth willingly consented.

On the way home Beth discovered that Mr. Henningway was not a bit uncongenial, and she really was sorry when

they arrived at the Kingsly farm. When Mr. Henningway left Beth at the gate he again expressed his regret for having made such a stupid mistake, and said if he ever had been a woman hater, he would have changed his mind that very morning.

H. E. K.

The End of His Troubles.



IN this particular evening, Dave surveyed his knee-trousers in disgust. It was useless to remind him of the fact that he was still in grammar school. So was

Bill Graham, and he had acquired long trousers, even though he was not as tall as Dave, and, Alice liked them.

The night of Alice's party had come, and though Dave had announced his intention of retiring from society until the short trouser period had passed, the knowledge that Alice would be there was weakening his will, so he suddenly decided to go.

It was late when he arrived and as he entered the room where the rest were, he noticed Bill Graham talking to Alice. Things looked black, so he sat down beside Lucy Grant, a very pretty girl, whose only fault was that she wasn't Alice.

The evening slipped away and though Dave had determined to keep his knee-trousers out of Alice's sight, yet in the course of events she saw them and promptly snubbed him, and Dave wondered the whole way home whether she really meant it or not.

The next day in school Dave got a cramp in his neck from holding his book in such a position that Alice could see a picture of him, which he had slipped

in between the leaves. At recess Esther came to him and asked for the picture, saying, "She guessed she knew someone who would like to have it." So once more life looked bright to Dave, for who would want that picture but Alice?

Several days later, at the first good chance, Dave dashed out of school to walk with Alice, but found Bill Graham waiting at the corner, so Dave went home alone, as it was evident that they didn't want him.

This was altogether too much, so the next day Dave stalked up to Alice and demanded his picture. She, however, seemed to be innocent, so finally Esther fished it from her pocket, where it had reposed, cracked across the face, ever since she had gotten it and Bill Graham saw it.

To top all things mother gave her consent that day to Dave's long trousers, so his father took him to town and bought the new suit, and it really was astonishing how manly the boy did look with trousers reaching his ankles.

On the way home they met Alice, who looked and looked again, as she spoke. "Very pretty girl," remarked Dave's father.

"Think so?" said Dave. "So does Bill Graham. But if you're after looks, you ought to see a girl at school, named Lucy Grant."

B. F.

An Incident.



URING the German invasion of France last fall, an engagement took place between the Germans and the Allies in a woodland almost on the French and Belgian frontier. The struggle was hot and continued from about three o'clock until the twilight of the early fall day. Outnumbered by the Allies, the Germans were driven back under a heavy fire from the field guns and retreated at nightfall, with the Allies in pursuit.

During the contest a French private received a bullet in his left forearm with such force that he fell to the ground. Finding himself behind a large log and in shadow, he lay quiet, wrapping up his arm with a roll of white bandage which he luckily had on his person.

Scarcely two hundred feet from this spot, a German foot-soldier had fallen into a hole in the ground, made by a huge shell, and likewise remained quiet while the armies retreated, leaving the dead and dying on the field.

When morning broke at last, the German raised his head above the surface of the hole. Zip! A bullet kicked up the leaves within a foot of his head. Looking in the direction from which the shot was fired, he discovered a Frenchman's cap projecting from behind an old log, a short distance away.

For fully twenty minutes the two remaining live men on yesterday's battlefield, dodged each other's bullets, until the Frenchman's scanty supply of ammunition was exhausted. Then tearing a piece of bandage from his injured limb, he raised it aloft on his bayonet.

"Hello," cried the German, emerging from a cavity in the earth. "What is it?"

"Friend," answered the Frenchman, rising from the projecting log, "What is the use of our continual trying to take each other's lives? We, you and I, are

not enemies, even if our governments and countries are. I propose we leave off this foolish contest between us and look around for some breakfast."

"I am agreed," the son of "Das Vaterland" replied, as they came close together.

The two shared a bit of hard bread and dried meat which they had between them, and then looked about for the next course to pursue.

Said the Frenchman, "You know by the rules of war that I am your prisoner?"

"Yes."

"And that for the same reason you are my prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Well then, suppose we follow the retreating armies (for we can not remain here); then, if we come up with Germans, I am your prisoner; but, if we reach the Allies first, you are mine."

"That sounds reasonable, if not encouraging. Come then, let us take the road beyond the woods."

So they started, following the trail of trampled grass and crops, discussing their mutual experiences on the field.

When the sun had risen high and they had traveled a considerable distance without catching sight of the armies, a little white finger board gleamed up like a star among the green foliage of shrubs, at a crossroad. It read, "Bierdorf, 2 mi."

As the two soldiers passed by this the Frenchman glanced up casually and read the sign. Slapping his companion on the shoulder, he cried, "I have it! Bierdorf is a Belgian village, a neutral village! Why should either of us become a prisoner of war? Come, let us hurry on where we can be free to return to our ranks."

Away they hastened, enemies, yet congenial, sympathetic men.

M. E. J.

Cynthia's Adventure.



CYNTHIA Cornstalk, commonly called Cindy by her friends, was an old maid living in Thorn Hollow. Cynthia's one desire in life was to secure a husband, for she had approached the age of—oh, she was some years beyond twenty-five.

One morning Cynthia could have been seen trudging quite briskly along the country road to an auction held that day at the farm of Josiah Hodge.

This man had been, in the opinion of nearly everyone, afflicted by the death of his wife, but Josiah didn't consider himself particularly afflicted, for his help-mate had not possessed the sweetest temper in the world.

He was selling all his household goods at auction on this particular day, and it was to this auction that Cynthia was wending her way quite briskly, for the clouds looked threatening and gave signs of a storm.

She pursued her way, grasping her beloved cotton umbrella without which she never ventured anywhere, rain or shine. As she walked along, wondering if she could ever get a man, her train of thought was suddenly broken by the appearance of a very sorry-looking gray kitten in her path.

Now, if our worthy heroine had a weakness, it was for cats, particularly gray ones, and as she had but five at home, she promptly hit upon increasing the number to the even half dozen, which, with her parrot, would make her cricle of pets complete. After much deliberation, she conceived the idea of stuffing it into the spacious folds of her never-failing umbrella and putting it (the umbrella) under her arm. She hastened on while the kitten nestled snugly in its cozy nest.

Miss Cornstalk arrived at the scene of the auction in due time, where she saw the auctioneer standing upon a huge hogshead in the center of the yard, his spacious mouth wide open, calling out his wares. Mr. Josiah Hodge could be seen running here and there among the people, who were inspecting everything. He rubbed his hands and chuckled, evidently well pleased at the progress of the sale.

Cynthia became the happy purchaser of the departed Mrs. Hodge's washboard and hash-cutter, which she bought for the modest sum of twenty cents.

Keeping her umbrella safely under her arm, she wandered about, looking to see if she might get some more bargains, when rain began to fall and the people began to take refuge in the house and on the porch. Our heroine dared to set her umbrella against a huge box with some others, and also deposited her precious washboard and hash-cutter near by.

Ater a while the rain stopped and Cynthia gathered up the board and cutter under one arm, the umbrella, containing as she supposed, the kitten, under the other. She soon arrived home, only to find that the kitten was not in the umbrella, and, upon closer inspection, she found the name of Josiah Hodge instead of her own on the umbrella. She nearly swooned when she pictured Mr. Hodge finding the kitten left in her umbrella.

Next day Mr. Hodge returned her umbrella and recovered his own. The kitten had escaped, and Cynthia didn't care much, for here was a good opportunity to secure a husband. This, before long, she did, and now she is Mrs. Hodge II.

CECIL KING.



THE MAGNET



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TERMS.

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EDITORIAL.

A Retrospect.

As members of the graduating class we have at last reached the goal to which for four years, or even longer, we have been looking forward. Each one of us has been preparing in some more or less definite way for the future. A goodly number of the class are now ready to take their places in the busy ranks of the commercial world. Others have prepared themselves for higher institutions of learning, where they expect to study medicine, law, pedagogy, etc.

The course has naturally been of much more value to some than others. Every one has received exactly what he or she has put into it. And now, as we look back over the four years of study which we have just completed, there is not one of us who can not see where better use might have been made of our time.

Were we to take the same four years' course again, without doubt we could and would profit by our mistakes.

We certainly hope that each one has developed some quality other than the ones obtained by studying. One quality which everyone has had a chance to develop is what might be called personality. This characteristic is the one which we notice most, especially when we come in contact with people. It shows that we have not only studied other men's ideas, but have acquired the knowledge and made it our own.

Congeniality and comradeship are greatly developed during our high school career. Many of the friendships which we make now will probably continue during later years. This is the time of our life when real friendships are made.

We all are convinced that the time spent in Butler High School has not been

wasted, and it is our earnest desire that all members of under classes continue until their graduation, so that they may enjoy the benefits and pleasure which we, the Class of May, nineteen hundred and fifteen, have enjoyed.

EMILY IRVINE.

the highest praise. If there is something said in it that does not please you and which you consider too personal, please remember that it is not intentional—that it is rather a mistake of the brain than of the heart.

RALPH A. NICHOLAS.

I intend to depart from the customary trend of editorials for Senior Magnets, and launch into a new channel. I have found that the usual topics are honor, character, farewell, sadness, love of our teachers, and many other subjects in the same vein of thought. Most of these editorials deal with subjects too deep and obtruse for my comprehension, so there is no use of my attempting to write about them, to solve and reveal their hidden mysteries. But I will write about an unusual topic—the work connected with a Senior Magnet.

Two months ago the Magnet Committee commenced to work. They made an outline of what was necessary to make this the “best ever” Magnet. They had a high ideal; but even they, after the hard, nerve-racking, up-hill work, with almost daily meetings after school, ever plugging on toward the goal—even they realize how far short of this ideal they have fallen.

The committee, however, has sincerely tried to produce the most entertaining Magnet, revealing the class jokes, secrets and friendships, and deserve only

The present school year is at a close, and those who have completed their course must observe that fact with conflicting emotions. To many it is but a halting place in their course of education; a sign of completed tasks and an incentive to renewed effort in broader fields. To others it marks the end of their years of preparation, and they must now journey forth on the highway of life, still scholars in a course whose degree is conferred only by the Angel of Death. As we look back to the younger classes we can see their slow approach, year by year, class by class, in never-ending stream. Classes may enter, classes may graduate and be lost in the hurly-burly of life, but the school goes on forever. Its problems and activities may change, but it stands fixed and immovable, its influence reaching out to every walk of life and every sphere of endeavor, a fitting monument to the worthy citizens of Butler, whose efforts have afforded us these splendid opportunities for education and development.

RAYNARD CHRISTIANSON.



CLASS ROASTS





PROLOGUE.

Oh, students, for this you have been waiting, we know.
 How? Well, because this is our Beauty Show.
 If, when you read these, you do not laugh,
 Of our future incomes (?) we'll give you half.

Richard Abrams

Dick is the one ladies' man of the class, and we place him in the same class as Francis Kirkpatrick in looks. He is chairman of the Senior Magnet committee, which accounts for a great deal.

Arthur Adams

This blase and unusual youth is one of the few of our class who are able to bluff, look innocent and get away with it. He is a procrastinator of the deepest dye. Otherwise he is all right.

Othello Beatty

He some day hopes to be using two-inch bits, ten-pound sledge hammers and fake gold on the teeth of coming generations. Our opinion is that such people have something the matter with them.

Clarence Bowser

Clarence is as calm as Lake Alameda, as quiet as a dead sheep and, although he is unobtrusive as the North Pole, he is a jolly fellow when one knows him. He wishes that he didn't have to spend so much time riding between Renfrew and Butler; he wants to study Latin more.

Nellie Boyer

Nellie professes to be a man-hater, but we have received the information that she is going to take a domestic science course at college. She is one of our few diligent students who never leave the school-house before five-thirty. Why?

Twila Bricker

This young lady apparently believes that little girls should be seen and not heard, either in or out of class. Her favorite amusement is dreaming with her eyes open.

John Byerly

This is John's opinion of himself: "I am as airy as a fairy, sir; as intoxicating as a nymph, sir; I am a tu-tu bird, sir; I am a robin red-breast, sir; my hair is a sky-blue pink with a heavenly border, sir; ah, there!"

Raynard Christianson

"Bum" will probably be a great engineer some day and be the "Col. Goethals" of a second Panama Canal to the North Pole, but at present he is contemplating farming on the Liebler Plan.

Grace Christley

Grace hails from some remote wilds of America. Such a stranger to the world, she wears a bashful look. Her comings and goings remind us of the shades of Tartarus.

Lucile Cochran

What she undertook to do she did, showing her diligence by being one of our honor students. Lucile proved herself a delightful hostess at one of our pleasant parties.

Walter Cramer

A living example of the famous saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." He has cultivated his voice by calling home the chickens, and has learned to play basketball by throwing paper in the waste-basket. We'll not forget Walter for the parties we've had at his house.

Logan Crowe

Here we have the originator of the idea of wearing glasses to improve one's complexion. He spends all his spare time riding between Butler and Renfrew, and reading "Elements of How to be Bashful."



Eleanor Davis

The latest addition to our class. We don't have much of her company at parties, for she must be home at eleven o'clock. Girls, if you would wear the latest neckwear, follow her styles.

Ralph Detrick

"Fat" is the joker of our class, and although no one ever understands his jokes without a descriptive diagram, we generally laugh out of sympathy, for fear of more of his "Petersville" wit.

Kathryn Ekas

Something wrong here. Why, oh, why? I do dislike to study. Kathryn can hold her own with Jess Willard in the heavy-weight championship of the world.

Lomie Ellis

Lomie has gained fame in our Latin class on account of her delicate voice and brilliant translations. Her affections are not distributed alone on our class, but are distributed equally among the lower class-men.

Eugene Fleischer

He lives a peaceful life within himself, so, to all outward appearances, he is calm and quiet. His neutral character makes him a hard subject for criticism, yet he must be commended for his good sense in joining the Class of May, 1915.

Johnanna Frazier

"Johnny" is as the poet says: "That over-lettered, small, knowing soul." One of her athletic accomplishments is to sit down quickly, after her recitation, without missing the chair.

Bessie Freehling

"I am small and conceited, but I have a mission to perform; so has a zero." (Her motto.) Bess's popularity is not measured by her stature, for she is the shortest in the class.

Leon Funkhouser

Leon has been Chancellor of the Exchequer for our class since time immemorial. We know "Funkie" has had many temptations to abscond with our money, because sometimes we have had as much as \$2.36 in our treasury. He is to be congratulated for not yielding to temptation.

Margaret Gilghrist

In general, those who have the least to say contrive to spend the longest time saying it. Margaret is no exception to the rule.

Agnes Gillespie

Afraid to recite what she knows. We would be surprised if we could hear her. We thought of buying her a megaphone, but owing to the scarcity of real coin, the project fell through.

Pernon Graham

His peculiar gait reminds one of an ostrich. The jokes he springs, as ones he has heard, clearly demonstrates that the time of his birth ante-dates the deluge. So heavy is he that the seats can't hold him.

Evelyn Hauck

We predict for her a career as a prima donna. "Ev" appears to be gentle and unassuming, but don't judge by looks, for they are deceiving.



Ralph Henshaw

"Poood" is said to have been born beautiful, but the suns of Butler county have turned his golden tresses into a wisp of hay. He has committed no crime against society, except the unpardonable one of existing.

Donald Hervey

We know nothing good of this youth, except that the Manual Training Department is working overtime making a halo for him. He says he has dropped out of the old fraternity, "The Bachelor's Club."

Helen Hicks

"Gloomy Gus" is one of those wonderful ones who can always see others report cards, but manage to keep their own from being seen. Her voice is weak at first, but improves on moving.

Paul Hutchison

Paul is the model youth of the class. (Webster: A model is a small imitation of the real thing.) He holds the prize for class-room repartee, although many of his jokes have corners and angles rather than points.

Emily Irvine

Here behold the Latin shark and our salutatorian! The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity. Emily has shown the truth of this by her mental ability. She gets her fine complexion and clear intellect from her breezy hikes.

Mary Jahmig

All hail, ye, the valedictorian! Mary has been with us only three years, but her influence has been felt here. Her motto is "The expression of individuality."

Florence Keck

Florence's motto is "Look before you leap," for she never does anything rashly. We intend to enter Florence as a participant in the walking contest at the Olympic games.

Helen Kelly

Helen's hasty footsteps along the hall warn us that school is about to take up, for she believes in making her school hours short, if not sweet.

Patricia Kelly

"Pat" postponed her graduation for awhile so that she could gratify her wish of graduating from "High" with our illustrious class. Proud are we to have her with us, for what would our commencement music be without her.

Joseph Kemper

When seen in school Joe's thoughtful face makes one suspect that he is author of the famous theory, "Why is the earth green?" now in its forty-eighth volume; when completed it is to be added as an appendix to L'Allegro.

Cecil King

"Sessile" wears a diamond, but her heart is with us. She has a fiery temper, but it burns out quickly. She is the refuge of the stupid in our Latin class.

Frances Kirkpatrick

Always as fresh and as sweet as a daisy, he is idolized for his radiant cheeks, sparkling blue eyes and captivating smile. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



Ethel Klingler

"Eppie" believes that all work and no play would make her a dull girl, so she is an enthusiast for "class doings." She is conspicuous by her absence on Fridays, when she takes her weekly trips to Pittsburgh. When questioned what takes her there, she replies, "The car."

Isabel Lawrence

This young lady is to be congratulated on her choice of schools. She came all the way from New York here. We wonder why she wears the huge shackle on her left arm.

Agnes Madden

Some peoples' opinion is that Agnes can make more noise than all the rest of the Senior class put together. We all know that she puts it to good use when she shows her ability in school theatricals.

Hazel Mangold

Oh, those dreamy eyes! And she has a mind just as dreamy. Too bad that her dreams won't help her work. We wish she would tell us something about herself.

Mildred McGrody

Mildred is here after a faithful trial to keep up. Although she fell behind once, we are glad to say she is "up to date" at the finish.

Marks McCandless

We can think of nothing bad about "Mac." He has never allowed his ability to play basketball to swell his head, even though he is undoubtedly the best inter-scholastic player in Pennsylvania.

Leo McLaughlin

Another of our witty classmates. Leo's every move is a comic opera. His patented cast-iron grin is enough to stop the court house clock. We wonder how a man can marry a "King."

Florence Miller

"Flossie" is the only real blonde of our class. As the committee desires to live long enough to graduate, we will refrain from saying anything further, as Florence is noted for her pugilistic qualities.

Frances Mitchell

Wanted: a private instructor in elocution to teach this high-spirited miss to desist from sarcastic tones of speech. But we suppose that is beyond her control—the fresh country air does it.

Ralph Nicholas

Ralph has piloted our class since the misty days of our Freshman year through all the fogs of Sophomore, Junior and Senior years. Although a few have fallen overboard, we do not hold "Nick" responsible. He is a regular patron of the "Harmony Line."

Eugene O'Donnell

In future years we hope to see "June" at the bottom of some beautiful cover designs of the foremost American magazines. "June's" aspirations are so high that he will be painting houses in Mars before long.

Ida Osgood

Fine work, Ida! The times when you left your studies for an evening were few and far between. If you continue your sticktoitiveness, the world will hear of you yet.



Glee Perkins

Glee, who still wears her girlish "pig-tails" down her back, retains her childish appearance by a twice-daily constitutional." Who would think she's about to graduate? Aren't you Freshies jealous?

Florence Stover

One of our few who obey the rules of "No talking in the halls, etc." It is an imposition to see this poor little girl carrying those ponderous book-keeping volumes up to the third floor every day.

Hazel Plaisted

A sample of the kind of advice this young lady would give to future classes is: "Look very wise, say 'yes' to everything, and ask, 'How would it be in this case?'"

Virginia Taylor

"Dot," the most popular and charming girl of our class, is an accomplished dancer. She surely likes to sway to the music of "June."

EPILOGUE.

This bunch of silliness, brim full of sass,
Is but a leaf from the diary of the Senior Class.
We're the class of the century when it comes to pure fun,
And woe to the school when we are done.



FACULTY.

V. K. IRVINE, A. B.

Latin.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

H. W. F. PRICE A. M.

Science.

"There's music in all things if men had
ears."

MARY McLAUGHLIN, A. B.

German.

"She's to our virtues very kind,
And to our faults a little blind."

ELIZABETH ROSS.

Commercial.

"Heart to conceive, the understanding to
direct, and the hand to execute."

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND, A. B.

English and History.

"Beware of the fury of a patient woman."

GERTRUDE SIEBERT.

Domestic Science.

"The way to a man's heart is through
his stomach."

BERTHA MILLER, A. B.

English and History.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

MAX NAST, B. S.

Science.

"I would rather excell others in knowl-
edge than in power."

J. T. HOGG, A. B.

Latin.

"He was six foot o' man,
Clear grit and human natur'."

HELEN KLINGENSMITH.

Commercial.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is
continued cheerfulness."

ROSE E. McNEES, B. S.

Latin and English.

"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint;
And those who know thee, know that
words are faint."

MARTHA ORR A. B.

German and Latin.

"Her mind her kingdom is,
Her will her law."

ELLA PURVIS, B. L.

Mathematics.

"Content thyself to be obscurely good."

LAURA GOUCHER.

Domestic Art.

"I would be firm as truth, and uncom-
promising as justice."

BLISS ELLIOT, A. B.

Mathematics.

"Of study took he most care and most heed."

GEORGE A. WILL.

Manual Training.

"Every man for his native country.
Deutschland uber alles."

VERA FOSTER, A. B.

Latin.

"Her failings lean to virtue's side."

FLORENCE WALKER.

Commercial.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

WM. YOUNKINS, A. B.

"Boy, don't be discouraged. A bullfrog was only a tiny little tadpole."

HELEN MAXWELL, A. B.

Physiology.

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy."

EDGAR S. HENRY, A. B.

Mathematics.

"He had then the grace, too rare in every clime,
Of being without alloy of fop or beauty,
A finished gentleman from top to toe."

PAUL GRAHAM.

Manual Training Assistant.

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,"
When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

MARY McNEES, Ph. B.

English and History.

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."

MORGAN B. TURNER.

Janitor.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

THE TERROR OF EXAMS.

How my little heart goes beating
Like a drum,
When the time of examinations
Has come.
I must say, if I don't learn more
Of this junk,
I can be sure that I am going
To flunk.
I've studied hard every night, many
Lessons I've cram'd;

Got disgusted several times; many
Books I've slam'd;
But after the exams are o'er and all's
Been well
I'll be feeling better, and have another
Story to tell.
That maybe I've passed, and maybe
I've not,
For the teachers in this school aren't
To be bought.



INTER-CLASS LEAGUE CHAMPIONS 1914-'15.

ATHLETICS.



CONSIDERING the Athletic department of the Senior Magnet, the title "Butler High School Athletics, Present and Future," has been selected. In the past, various classes have written long reviews of our athletic teams, covering a period of four or five years back. This is bound to become tiresome, so with this point in view we shall endeavor to depart from the usual custom and offer something out of the usual line.

The football team of 1914, in a sense, was a disappointment to all. Starting off with a defeat at the hands of Peabody was rather a hard blow. Following this we fell before the onslaught of South High, Beaver Falls, New Castle, New Kensington and East Liberty Academy. All were close scores, and in several games luck went the wrong way.

There are no excuses or apologies to offer for the failure to win a single game, except that the players did not observe strict training rules, and one can blame no one except the players themselves. Mr. Hogg should be given credit for the hard work and many hours each day he gave to the team. No one worked harder than he for a successful team. The team was supported in a manner that should receive mention. Many persons outside of the high school attended the games, which aided materially in financial success for the year. The student body, as a whole, supported the team, but for the size of the school, more should have taken advantage of season tickets at the reduced rate and turned out to the games.

Next season's prospects are very bright, and present indications point to

a successful year, only two men being lost by graduation this year.

The Class League championship in basketball was won by the Class of May, 1915. The team composed of Kemper, Kennedy, Beatty, Christianson and Byerly carried off the honors with six victories. The race was not as interesting as in previous years and there were only a few interesting games. The Class League is a good thing; it gives a whole lot of fellows a chance to get into athletics; it encourages the spirit of competition; it affords the students an opportunity to witness the games for a nominal sum. Perhaps the most important feature of the Class League is that it develops players for the varsity squad.

The varsity season opened with several games preliminary to the W. P. I. A. league schedule. The team, with Captain McCandless Watson and Young as a nucleus, started off with a rush. After winning five games straight, then striking a snag at Peabody and Central, and being thrown off the track, for a while things looked black. But the fellows came back strong against Peabody and Central, thus winning the right to play Peabody, the champions of the "City League," for the league championship. The play-off was staged at Trees gymnasium and was a game that will go down in the history of Butler High school. Everyone knows what the result of the game was. With the score at the end of the first half 14-12 against them, our fellows came back strong the last half and the game ended 22-20. The cup, together with the other athletic trophies, including photographs of various teams, has been placed in the handsome new trophy case recently com-

pleted. Owing to the fact that many different combinations of players were used throughout the season, but four men received the right to wear a letter, McCandless, Young, Watson and Winters receiving sweaters as a reward for bringing another championship to Butler High school.

The season ended with a banquet in honor of the entire squad and the business manager and his assistants. Each fellow brought his "best girl," who, together with the representatives of the faculty, made the affair a grand success.

Mr. Price deserves much praise for turning out another winning team, as do the players and all the members of the squad.

As for next season's prospects there is no need for worry, although McCandless and Watson will not be seen again. Nevertheless there is a wealth of material to select from. Each year lower classmen are placed on the squad and developed for the varsity. A captain for the team has not yet been selected.

At present it is hard to say much about the baseball situation. The Class League is in full swing, with the Juniors leading and the Seniors and Sophomores following close behind. The games are interesting and the race close, but the attendance is small. The same thing is true of the regular games. Few students have purchased season tickets. This is not showing much loyalty, to say the least. So far three games have been

played, winning two and losing one.

The prospects are very bright for a winning team, and the support of the student body will help much. The team is composed mainly of under-classmen, and this season should see the beginning of faster teams in baseball for High.

Tennis is the newest branch of High School athletics, being started two years ago. A tournament was carried on last fall, LaVerne Wasson again winning the championship. A match tournament was played with Peabody, but our boys went down to defeat in all except one match. This is not a discouraging prospect, however, and in a few years a better record may be hoped for.

In athletics Butler High school stands for the best and cleanest there is. Our motto has always been, "If we can't win fairly, we don't want to win at all." This is something the school can be proud of. The spirit among the players is good, and this is one of the secrets of our success. The spirit among the students as a whole is good, and there probably would never be any winning teams without the support of the students. Citizens of Butler are interested in our athletics, and there are hundreds of loyal supporters outside of the student body.

We have reason to be proud of Butler High school in athletics, and let us hope we can always maintain the same standard with respect to cleanness in the different sports. JOHN A. BYERLY.



LOCALS.

Prof. Irvine: Did you ever see a Japanese flag?

Class: Yes, sir.

Prof.: Well, what are those things projecting out from the sun?

June O.: Spokes!

Mary J., translating Latin: "He rushed up from the top of the mountain."

Prof. Irvine: What do we call a verse of four feet?

J. P. H.: A quadruped.

E. F., in Latin: "Aeneas planted his father, Archises, on the shores of Italy."

Hutch., translating Vergil: "Largior covered the field with light."

Prof. Irvine: Who was Largior?

Hutch: I don't know.

Prof. Irvine: He was an adjective.

Paul, in Geometry: I could work this problem if you would answer one question.

Miss Purvis: It depends; what is the question?

Paul: How do you work it?

Scrunt: Say, Kemper, what books did Browning write?

J. K.: "Pauline" and "My Last Cop-per."

Miss Miller, in English: What is the purpose of that paragraph?

'Pat' Kelly: It gives a character sketch of the spinning wheel.

J. P. H., to Miss Miller: Have you found that "Deserted Village" yet?

"Pern" Graham: Joe, do you have the "Ocean?"

J. Kemper: No, I left it at home.

Miss P.: Put on your thinking cap.

O. Z. B.: I don't have any.

Miss P.: Well, then, make one out of paper and use it.

B. H. S. Student, noticing absence of the mirror: "Wie viel ist der looking-glass?"

Miss M., in English: What happened to Charles?

W. C.: He was murdered.

Miss M.: No, he wasn't.

W. C.: Well, he was killed.

Paul H., telling story of Gareth and Lynette: "There were three approaches to the castle; two by bridges and one by a "Ford."

Girls, discussing sermon in which the minister had mentioned Aaron and Hur:

First Girl: The minister made a grammatical error tonight.

Second Ditto: What was it?

Third Girl: Oh, he said that Aaron and Hur (her) did something, and he should have said Aaron and she.

Prof. Irvine, seeing Paul in wrong seat in auditorium: What is the matter, Paul?

J. P. H.: Oh, they were all seated when I came in, and I didn't want to disturb their peaceful slumber.

We hear that the girls of B. H. S. are stuffing cushions with their love letters and notes. Pretty soft, wot?

E. Fleischer, giving life of Mary Evans or "George Eliot:" George Eliot, he was born in 1819.

J. C. G., seeing R. A. N. blush when Evans City is mentioned: Do you live in Evans City?

Nick: Not yet!

Byerly: But he manages to get there at least once a week.

Voice: Open the window, Hervey; it's getting too hot for Nick!

First Senior: Do you know that Mr. Turner reminds me of part of Milton's "L'Allegro."

Second Senior: No; how is that?

First S.: Why that part that says: "Nods and becks and wreathed smiles, such as hang on Turner's cheek, and love to live in dimples sleek."

At one of our "Class Outings" Pern Graham and L. McLaughlin discovered a good way to get rid of a bothersome dog. They fed it on a bottle of tomato ketchup.

SOME GREETINGS, HUH?

Byerly: Hello, fish-face!

Hutch: Hello, feather-head!

"Pud": I have an idea!

"Bum": Treat it kindly, boy; it is in a strange place.

Hutch, explaining location of a place: Well, do you know where the poor farm is?

Abe: Yes!

Hutch: Well, it isn't there.

Leon to Pern: What do you sing?

Pern: Backstop!

Leon: What's that?

Pern: Between first and second base (bass).

In Literature: Where was the Magna Charta signed?

Student: At the bottom, I suppose.

First Senior, playing tennis: What are you serving that over for?

Second Ditto: Oh, that didn't count—it hit my racquet.

SUPPOSE--

O'Donnell couldn't have his trousers pressed by a Taylor.

Leo McLaughlin would marry a "King." Would he be a queen?

There was no trolley line to Evans City. What would Ralph Nicholas do? Agnes Madden couldn't talk.

Lomie Ellis and Agnes Gillespie would talk loud enough in Latin class for Prof Irvine to hear.

"Ted" Beatty and Helen Kelly would get to school earlier than one minute before the bell rings.

Pern Graham would crack a new joke.

Mary Jahng would forget to recite.

All the Seniors would pay up their dues.

"Pood" Henshaw were not so bashful.

Nobody in our class lived on a farm. Where would we have our outings?

All the fellows were as handsome as Kirkpatrick.

Material for Senior Magnet grew on trees.

Things We Hear Every Day.

Agnes Madden in chapel.

John Byerly's necktie.

Miss McLaughlin saying, "No talking, please!"

Nellie Boyer's smile.

Mr. Irvine: "A little louder, please!"

Bessie Freehling and Arthur Adams bluffing.

Don Hervey's red cheeks.

Richard Abrams saying "Ah—h—!"



MISSILE-ANEIOUS

CLASS POEM.

By Ralph A. Nicholas, '15.

With minds all weary and worn,
And eyelids heavy and red,
We sat and studied and crammed,
And studied again and read
Caesar, Cicero, Vergil!
O'er Latin we've pondered and conned
And cudged and cudged our poor old
brains,
Till in them some knowledge has
dawned.

Let X equal this or that,
And Y is another thing;
X plus Z may be three times three,
Then our ears begin to ring—
Fourteen hundred ninety-two!
Columbus sailed the sea,
And discovered this wonderful land
America to be.

We had many worlds to conquer,
Like Alexander the Great,
In Price's realm of Physics,
Where he kept us early and late.
Solid Geometry!
A few words will suffice
To tell our love of something
None of us thought very nice.

English was not so hard,
German was a cinch,
Astronomy, we could bluff it out
Whenever we got in a pinch.
Work, work, work!
But stay! Was it always work?
After our parties and outings
How many lessons did we shirk?

Old study-hall in Miss Miller's room,
Where some spent some time each day
To stay there was the truant's doom—

The penalty they had to pay.
Couldn't talk, laugh or turn.
Paid strict attention to work,
Had to let curiosity burn
Or were turned around with a jerk.

The teachers we thought unjust.
But now we can see that's wrong.
They kept themselves true to their trust,
Their patience we know was strong.
Tho' they have punished us a bit,
Our good times have not been so few.
Teachers in our dear old High School,
We'll not soon forget you.

B Seniors, be a good little class.
We are leaving our place to you.
When things seem blue, stay brave and
true;
You'll soon come out all right!
Teacher may seem cross,
But up a little smile;
After it is over you'll find out
They made High School worth while.

Friends, here our ways will part;
Some to go out into life,
Some to school for a few more years.
But everywhere there is strife.
Heart, heart, heart!
Ever be brave and true!
Though the way may be long and hard,
There is some reward for you.

Mr. Irvine, and teachers so faithful,
To you we extend our thanks,
For so nobly helping us through,
Out of the High School ranks.
Many you have helped,
And many you are helping still;
But we shall remember you
When we've reached the top of the hill.

THE PONY.

(With the kind permission of E. A. Poe.)

Once upon a midnight creepy, while I
pondered, very sleepy,
O'er a knotty problem in a much-
detested lore—

All at once I heard a ticking, which in-
creased into a clicking
As of someone gently kicking—kicking
at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "kick-
ing at my chamber door;
Only this and nothing more."

Presently my nerve grew stronger; hes-
itating then no longer,
Gathered I my strength together, threw
my Conics on the floor,
And into the darkness gazing, thinking
of my days of hazing—
Fearing some forgotten horror of the
Freshman days of yore—
Only heard, amid the silence, one long,
loud, resounding snore;
Only this and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my
soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a racket, something
louder than before.
While my heart was madly thumping,
down the hall came something bump-
ing,
And I saw my pony jumping—jumping
in my chamber door—
Jumped and stamped, and nothing more.

Then the animal beguiling my sad fancy
into smiling
By the look of grave decorum that its
fuzzy visage wore—

Straight I said, "Good morning, Carrie;
let me hope that you will tarry,
And that you will kindly carry me
through class as heretofore."
Quoth the pony, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly beast to
hear discourse so plainly,
Shuddered at the fearful meaning that
its declaration bore;
For it seemed to hold me underneath a
spell of awful wonder,
Made my inmost being ponder how the
beast I might implore;
How prevail on him to keep me as he
had done heretofore.
Would that pony go some more?

"Lobster!" cried I; "thing of evil; lobs-
ter still, if beast or devil!
Who will carry me so safely through
exams that I abhor?
Tell this soul with sorrow weighted, who
can save me if belated
In those permutations hated that we
scrambled through before;
Over roots and pure quadratics, will you
jump me, as before?"
Quoth the pony, "Nevermore!"

Then he left, and, ne'er returning, I am
yearning, ever yearning
For those days of ease and leisure that
I used to know before.
For, alas, since he deserted, all my plans
are disconcerted,
And the flunks that *he* averted are in-
creasing more and more.
But I hope from sure destruction to be
rescued nevermore.

EPITAPH

Here lies the end of our Senior Magnet.
We sincerely hope you are well satisfied,
For with many difficulties we have met,
And to please you we have earnestly tried.

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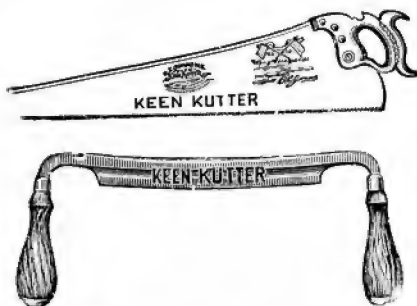
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